

COLLEGE CHEER

Motto: "We Knock to Boost."

Vol. VII.

St. Joseph's College, April 14, 1915.

No. 14.

Help the Cause Along.

St. Joe has a big supply of runners jumpers, hurdlers, vaulters, etc., but it seems as though these men are afraid to come out and proclaim themselves as such. Help the cause along! If you think you can run, jump, or do anything in that line, offer yourself to Manager Deery as a candidate for the track team. In this way only will we ever accomplish anything in track work. Get out and show what is in you!

Baseball Items.

Nearly all the students have been divided into the usual leagues and the season is starting out in earnest. The following managers have been chosen:

Senior League	—	Junior League
Cardinals, Schall	—	Cubs, Dunn
Giants, DeJaco L.	—	White Sox, Lear
Yankees, Fogarty	—	Athletics, Antl
Tigers, Parrette	—	Braves, Erbach R.

Federal League
Mgrs:— Mattingly, VonderHaegen,
Weger, Wigmore

Athletic Schedule.

April. 18—University Council K. of C., Chicago, at St. Joseph's.

April. 30 — Wolcott High School, at St. Joseph's.

May. 5 — St. Ignatius College, Chicago, at Chicago.

May. 16 — Riverside Baseball Club, City Champions, at LaFayette.

May. 20 — St. Ignatius College, Chicago, at St. Joseph's.

May. 26 — Wolcott High School, at Wolcott.

May. 30 — Riverside Baseball Club, at St. Joseph's.

June. 6 — St. Philip's High School, Chicago, at St. Joseph's.

A track meet will be held at St. Joseph's on May 22 between Rensselaer, Brook and St. Joe.

The Varsity met St. Xavier Hall last Sunday afternoon in their first game and defeated them by the score of 3—1.

Who is Who and Why.

Among the Senior class there is one student who claims for himself the unique distinction of never having held any sort of an office during his years at St. Joe. It is not quite certain of what nationality he is, but he must be Irish for he is often called "Mrs. Murphy." He is a star tennis player and made somewhat of a record for St. Joe when he played a series of games last summer with some of the Rensselaer High School students. He is a young man of great will power. It is even related that he was able, by using this wonderful faculty, to abstain from watermelon; fresh strawberries, dancing and amusements in general during Lent. Such a person has a bright future before him. Watch him for the next few years.

Once Again.

Don't do it! Don't give in to that tired feeling! The germ of spring fever is a queer baccillus. If it receives a good punch on the nose by energetic ambition it lies down and gently expires. If, however, it receives the nourishment of laziness, it will flourish, bloom and bring forth fruit a hundred-fold. This spirogyra is not only detrimental to health, but it also has the bad habit of knocking out the nineties and eighties at examination time. I knew a bright-eyed student, fired with ambition, who looked forward to the coming tests once with great expectations. A week before the time set for the exams I saw him lying drowsy and listless under a tree. That mischief-maker "hookworm," or in other words, spring fever, had him in its clutches. Upon being asked how he was prepared for the exams, he replied, "Oh, I don't care if I flunk." He had good intentions in the beginning, but the hookworm got him and he did not hold out. Learn a lesson from our unfortunate friend!

This from Silverstein: "I'm so bright my father calls me 'sonny'."

Find Your Name.

While sojourning in northern Indiana, Adam, a young man of southwestern Ohio, got a very interesting letter from a lady friend of his residing in his home town. Immediately he sat down and wrote her the following letter:

My Dear Mrs. Murphy:—All that I Dunn since Berch-told me that you wanted to hear from me was to think of something to write about. I hope you will excuse the mistakes in this letter, even if I do Hack-ett all up. I have been "Pretty" sick. I ate some watermelon the other day and swallowed a piece of Ryan. Brother Vic said there would be trouble Bruin if I didn't cough it up. He gave me a quinine "Pill" and then an oyster stew. My face got "Red" and I began to Tremel; in fact the Stew-art so badly I could hardly Barrett. I am well now. Until I see you again I will think of you Daily. I saw a fight the other day. One fellow was going to land on the other guy when someone said, "Don't hit him McGinn, he's Glass; you might break him." Just then Bob said that he was already broke, and that he was just fighting in order to win a jitney bet from Fertalj. The two then-went down to the candy store; they were so excited that they let a gum-drop on their toes.

There are a couple of guys here named Hunt and Falk. They fell into the river the other day, and some fellows went out to Hunt and not to Fish; they said it was too shallow for Fish.

I have several pets, a Wolf, a Kuhn and a "Cow." I think a great deal of them because they have descended from those Noe had in his ark. My "Cow" is trained; she can jump over the "Moon." There's a guy here from Dayton; Kuntz is his name. Goeckler says he's Lause and I believe it because I have often watched him play pool and he's always scratching. Still I think he will make his Mark in time. A fellow tried to steal our "Silver" the other day, but there was a Gord-on duty nearby and Guil-foyled his attempt. I was just going to take a drink a few days ago, but I noticed some Katz-en-(the)-stein, and I had to put Er-bach.

A bunch of us went up town last Friday. I bought a Sack of "Peanuts," but Fate had decreed I should not eat them because it would take too Long; so we went to Nowel's. Haley ordered an "Apricot Sandwich." Tompkins got some Wachs and "Dutch" was just going to call for "Sauerkraut" when he looked at his watch and thought it was about fifteen minutes till five; he

said the bell had rung. Then "Leader Joe" took us back to Collegeville. On the way out we met "Buck" going after a doctor. He asked us if we saw Cecil get his Hip-skind. We said no, but it was wonderful that he didn't get killed when he played basketball. We saw an old woman trying to feed her chickens, but she couldn't get the corn off the Cobbs. After Schelling-er corn for her she said she would tell her "Brother" to take her out for a ride. We had spent money that day as if we owned Castles, and, trying to act as a bunch of Lawless characters, we bought some wigs. Chink said he paid for his Wig-more than it was worth. After all the excitement I was very tired, but the "Moon" Schon so bright I couldn't sleep. When I did go to sleep I began to dream. I saw a ship coming into the Harbor and on the bridge I recognized "Steamboat Ike." He was "Good-Looking," but through the mist he looked no bigger than a Half-man. They had a peculiar looking Krieter from Paris on board. "King Brady" Vonder Haegen was on the gangplank when it broke. Then somebody let down Jacob's ladder and got them out of the water. The hero was a prisoner being brought from Ireland named Hill. Just as we were going to Free-hill for his heroism, some one yanked my ear and said, "Git up thar, I know who ye be!"

After dinner I climbed upon the Jim, but "Funny Face" was there and told me to get off. He said; "If you don't, I'll get a Pohl-man, and knock you off." He did, and I came Fly-nn down and hit the ground Pretty Hart. Has Leo-pold his first vote yet, and has "Ethel" got her Easter bonnet yet? I saw in the paper the other day that the Pope had asked our prayers for peace. In my opinion, if they don't quit fighting over there they will Blott-man out of Europe.

Well, I am about Dunn telling you what happened since I last wrote you. I shall close, and Ehr-man hands you this letter, Easter will be here.

Your Deery,

Why Lause Came Back.

Lause was hard at work in the Collegeville Candy Store when Parrette on his rounds stopped and eyed him closely. "Did you not receive a letter from me saying that you were fired?" he demanded. "I received a letter," answered Lause calmly; "the inside informed me that I was fired, but the outside said 'Return in five days to the Collegeville Candy Co.' so I'm back."

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EDITORIALS.

A glance at our baseball schedule fills us with anticipations of a good season. We are to meet some very good teams, and it will require earnest and persistent work on the part of our boys to make the season a successful one. More than this, the loyal support of everyone who has the honor of being a student at St. Joe is needed. We made a fine record in basket ball, and we have every reason to hope that we can do just as good in baseball. Besides having a good Varsity there is plenty material left for some first class Senior League teams. Now that the different teams have been chosen and managers and captains selected, baseball in Collegeville will engross our attention for the next two months. Everyone ought to take some part in this great sport, and there is little reason why anyone should not do so. With the Varsity and three leagues to choose from, surely every student can find a place for a player of his standard. Even the editor himself found a place where he could be used! Yes, we are going to play on the south side in the Federal League. We are getting to be a time-honored institution out there, for this is our third year on that campus. Many of the men who played with us out there three years ago have risen to higher positions in the baseball world—some have even gone out into the world; but for some reason or other we have not been able to graduate from the old Federal League. However, we have been promoted. We used to play in the outfield and thought we were indeed very lucky to hold even that position, but think of it! Manager Weger and Captain Gerwert have seen fit to try us on third. All looks bright in the St. Joe baseball world. Now, let's look for results!

De Jaco F. — Say, Pill, I see we have Glass in the Club now.

Weger — Well, it's time; it has been cold down here all winter.

Word From the Front.

After being lost for several months on the Indian Reservation near Collegeville, our correspondent finally succeeded in cablegraming us the following: There is fighting going on in all the principal countries of Europe. The Germans say they are victorious on the north; the Russians report that the Germans are repulsed on the north. France gave out the report that three German battleships were sunk; German papers claim a great naval victory—three French ships sunk. The price of Limburger cheese is going up. This is no doubt owing to the fact that all the limburger trees had to be cut down to make room for the bullets. The sauerkraut bushes are also suffering. Many hundred acres of them were dug up into trenches. If the sap of the beer tree ceases to flow peace will be declared, for the Germans may refuse to fight without this lubricating liquid.

Not His Fault.

Wigmore was hanging his coat and hat on the range in the kitchen about twelve o'clock one night during vacation. When his father entered and asked "Where have you been?" "To the program given by the symphony orchestra," was Red's thick reply. "That's alright, but where did you get your souse?" "Don't read the paper, do you, pa?" said Red. "Of course, but that hasn't anything to do with it, has it?" "Sure, the paper said the symphony orchestra would play intoxicating music and believe me they did."

LOCALS.

Robert Glass is taking up research work. When the professor asked him for his attention during class, he obligingly looked all over his desk but was unable to find it.

Prof. — Can you tell me how this god Vulcan came to be lame.

Antony — Perhaps he walked on Mt. Olympus and slipped on a thunder peal.

A syllogism by John Gerwert: One cow has one tail. No cow has two tails. One cow and no cow is one cow. Ergo: A cow has three tails.

If a pound of butter costs thirty cents how long would it take a mosquito with a wooden leg—also badly cross-eyed—to bore a hole through a cake of Ivory soap costing five cents?

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